

## LOVE'S REQUITAL.

I had been jilted! Do you know what the word means? Do you know the frenzy, the heart-pain, the pride-pang, the mortification, the helplessness, the sense of humiliation and impotence, which all is contained within the narrow limits of that one word when it is branded upon a woman.

I was young, too, and the world and my mirror pronounced me beautiful. Yet on the very eve of my marriage, the postman brought me a note giving me back my freedom.

True, there were accompanying it a few incoherent words of regret and remorse, a hint concerning some insurmountable barrier which had arisen, a hypocritical hope that I yet might find happiness.

But of all this I comprehended nothing. I remembered only the white satin dress lying upon my bed upstairs; the rich wedding-gifts—tokens of the many friends who would wonder, and gape, and sympathize; the wedding breakfast already spread; the great, empty church, already decorated.

All this and more flashed through my mind, as I sat with white, tearless face and untrembling fingers, which held the note which had told it me—all, and more, because I had loved Everard Digby, because I still loved him, because my heart told me that, let my judgment pronounce what sentence it would, its chambers would ever echo to his name.

I had not known him very long, scarcely a year—but from the first moment his glorious eyes had looked into mine, he had acquired over me an influence none other had ever before wielded.

My family, my intimate friends had remonstrated with me to no purpose. I but loved him the better. When our betrothal was announced, they strove in vain to find objections.

My lover was wealthy, and of good position; and he had seemed to love me, too, so well. Often, often he had drawn me to him, saying:

"Mabel mine, swear to me that you will love me always!"

And I had found it all too easy to obey him. He had been jealous, exacting, imperious, but I had loved him all the better. And this was the end—this sheet of note-paper, covered on two sides.

I do not know what strange freak possessed me to summon a servant and order every gas-jet in the spacious rooms to be lighted. The man obeyed my order and retired.

I walked slowly to the pier-glass and stood before it. A bright crimson spot flamed on either cheek, an unnatural fire had turned the blue of my eyes into blackness; my lips were scarlet. Behind me was a long vista of light, and flowers, and luxuriant beauty; before me—oh, Heaven! what lay before me?

Did I speak? or had some one else uttered my name? Mabel! It was all a dream then. Everard had played upon me the most cruel jest.

From the library a man entered. I stood quietly awaiting him. Then, when he had come quite close, I saw that it was not Everard, but Geoffrey Somers.

Among all my friends he was the one who had never breathed to me a word of love. I had had no brother, but had I been so blessed it seemed to me he would have held the place in my heart accorded to Geoffrey.

"You have come to offer me the last congratulation!" I cried in a mocking voice.

Then I saw that his face was very white and stern.

"Oh, you have heard already!" I continued. "I shall be saved, then, the necessity of explanation. You know that to-morrow all the world will know that I have been jilted!"

"If you will remember, Mabel," he said then, very quietly, "I have never congratulated you on your engagement, but I do now most heartily on its rupture. The man you loved was never worthy of you, as indeed who could hope to be?"

"Do you think to comfort me by condemning him?" I answered. "I want neither comfort nor pity. I can bear neither. An hour ago I stood here awaiting my husband—already in my heart I had called him so—an hour ago, and now I am a widow who yet have been no wife. Oh, the shame of it!"

I cried, aloud. "If but the wedding might go on!—if the world might suppose it was I, not he, who has done this cruel thing! I might but wear my bridal dress, which will never now be worn! For, though I were willing, what man would marry a bride jilted at the altar?"

"I know one man—I can speak for myself. Mabel, do you mean your words? Would it make you happier that the ceremony should go on with nothing changed except the bridegroom?"

Amazement almost took my breath. That my rash words could have been taken seriously had not occurred to me.

"You—you now would do this for me?" I gasped. "You would make so great a sacrifice?"

He smiled, a little sadly and wearily. "It is scarcely a fitting time, dear, to tell you of the hopes I once entertained and long since buried, which to-night have been so strangely revived; but if you will trust yourself to me, child,—if you will indeed marry me,—I can at least give you the protection of my name from the world's prying curiosity. I can take you among new scenes and new faces; I can be to you husband in the eyes of the world, but brother and friend only, unless some day your buried heart calls me nearer. What do you say, dear? What is your decision?"

Well, the next day we were married. Wrapped in my own misery, as in a cloud, I thought but of myself.

Through the long night preceding the ceremony, I shed no tears, and though I resembled a marble statue rather than a living woman, when tired in my wedding-robes, they said I never had been so beautiful.

Geoffrey had explained all to my father, and gained from him the necessary permission. Had my mother lived, doubtless she would have demurred. I heard a little murmur run through the brilliant assemblage as, on the threshold of the altar, Geoffrey stepped forward to claim my hand.

I spoke the response clearly and distinctly: I took his arm proudly, and

proudly walked down the aisle as his wife. My heart had not broken—it had petrified.

Not until we had started on the first stage of our wedding journey did I realize all that had happened, all that I had done. What had I done? By my own act placed an impassable gap between me and the man I had so madly loved—aye, whom I had loved to-day, when now my love was sin.

In the darkness of the night it came to me. Had I not have been so rash, had I but left him time to explain, it might yet have been well, even though I had waited five, ten, fifteen years, with his love to comfort me. But did he love me? Over and over I turned the hopeless riddle in my brain. The tears which had refused to flow, burst forth. I buried my face in my pillows to stifle my sobs; I called his name under my breath:

"Everard!"

"Mabel!" said a voice.

It was my husband, who had softly entered the room and bent over me.

"Will it be less hard for you to bear, child, when I tell you that the man whose name you call is the husband of another?"

"He, too, was married to-day?" I gasped.

"He has been married these five years; but, to do him justice, until three days since he believed his wife dead. He learned then that she was living—in fact, she appeared before him; but even then he strove to buy her silence. I learned of this—how, it matters not—but in time to save you from suffering a keener pain, my darling, than that you have endured. Mabel, child! will you not try to remember his unworthiness, and—to forget him?"

"Forget him? Never!" I sobbed, in my madness. "Go away—go away or I shall hate you!"

Silently he obeyed me. I was again alone; but when the morning broke, I was conscious neither of solitude nor suffering, for I was raving in brain fever. They thought that I should die, but I was young and strong, and grief seldom kills.

It was six weeks before I knew anyone, and when I first opened my eyes to consciousness I saw my young husband's head was thickly streaked with grey. But as I grew stronger I noticed in him still greater changes. Ever-kind, ever thoughtful, he yet never obtruded upon me any attention, nor offered me a caress, however slight, and oft-times, as he handed me in and out from a carriage, I would see a shudder pass from head to foot.

"He is learning to hate me," I said, sadly, to myself, and wondered why the thought gave me such pain.

We had been married a year, and were wintering in Rome, when one morning a newspaper announcement attracted my attention, publishing the death in New York, of Leonora, wife of Everard Digby, aged twenty-four years. A faint cry escaped my lips. Geoffrey sprang to my side.

"What is it?"

"Nothing!" I answered and hastily left the room.

At the door I glanced back. He had caught up the paper I had dropped. Once in my own chamber, I buried my head in my hands to think.

"He was free!" What did the news bring me? The memory of the past year rose before me—all of Geoffrey's fond loving care, his generous sacrifice, his unselfish protection; and side by side with it, the fearful consequences Everard's selfish passion might have entailed upon me. The first whirlwind of excitement passed, I found myself calm and at rest—aye, happier than since I had been Geoffrey's wife.

That evening my husband complained of severe pain in his head. I sat down by him; but at my first touch he gently drew down my hand.

"Don't dear," he said—"it hurts me!"

"Geoffrey," was on my lips, "won't you try to love me just a little? And maybe I can atone for the wrong I have done you." But pride hushed them, and they remained unspoken.

Two months after this, at a great ball, I found myself suddenly face to face with Everard Digby. He grew very pale, but extended his hand.

"Will you not shake hands with me, Mrs. Somers?" he said.

"You do not know how I have longed to see you!"—he went on, in a low voice—"how I have longed to tell you of all that I have suffered! Mabel, why did you marry? Think of it, my darling! I now am free, while you are bound!"

He spoke with the fond assurance of a lover.

Why did it find no answering echo within my heart? Could it be that I no longer loved him?

The tell-tale blood had receded now. I was calm and unmoved, save that I felt indignation at his words.

Would Geoffrey thus have spoken to another man's wife, though she had loved him an hundred times? No! And I knew it, and gloried in the knowledge.

"I have no regrets, Mr. Digby," I answered, coldly. "I love you my life's happiness!"

Then, with a haughty bow, I left him, crossing the room to where my husband stood. With a new sense of dependence and peace, I slipped my hand within his arm.

"Take me home, please dear," I whispered.

His brow contracted, as if in pain; but he led me to our hostess that we might make our adieux, and soon we were seated in our carriage, rolling homeward.

Alone in my room, when I dismissed my maid, I sat waiting for Geoffrey's step, that I might know he had retired; but two o'clock struck, and still he had not come.

I opened my door. All was still. I stole in my slippers feet along the dimly-lighted hall, and stood without the library door. At last I summoned courage and drew back the portiere.

My husband was sitting wearily in a large arm-chair, his eyes fixed on the expiring coals. How old he had grown! How this one short year had changed him!

I crept to his side, ere he turned and recognized me, with a great start.

"Geoffrey," I began timidly and hesitated.

"Go on!" he said, with some little bitterness. "Shall I make your confession easier for you? Shall I tell you how useless it all is—that I already

know all you would tell me? you have seen him again—you have never ceased to love him. I dragged you into a marriage because I would win you at any cost. I took advantage of your pain and pride, when, had you waited one little year, you might have married the choice of your heart. Your life is becoming unendurable to you—you wish to end your torture. There is but one way—let me put myself out of the way, and all will be well. Mabel, my love! my love!"

With these words, he drew from his pocket something I saw flash in the fire-light. With instinct, Heaven given, I threw myself upon his arm. The bullet flew harmlessly into the air.

"Listen, Geoffrey—listen!" I cried. "It is you whom I love—I, whose nobility has taught me its worth—you whose heart I would gain, if it has not for ever closed against me—you, whose love I crave, not as sister, not as friend, but as wife!"

I felt his arms enfold me closer as I spoke. Through glistening tears he looked down in my face.

"Child," he said, very low and with a great trembling in his tone, "may Heaven forgive me, but in the morning your sweet confession would have been too late!"

A White Man Made a Chief by Indians. Chief James Baker is the recipient of a good deal of attention in Denver just now. He lives in the wilderness of Wyoming, with no neighbor nearer than forty miles, and journeyed to Denver the other day to shake hands with his old friends for the last time. For many years he was war Chief of a powerful tribe of Sioux Indians, but he never would fight his brother whites. Gen. Cook says that once Baker was shot by an Indian in battle, the arrow piercing his upper lip. Baker coolly pulled the barb from the lacerated flesh, saying: "Is that he way you d—drascals pick teeth?"

## WASHINGTON NOTES.

Lieut. Schwatka, the Arctic explorer, is at the Providence hospital, quite ill with malarial fever.

The treasury department has decided that the bill to extend the charters of national banks will entitle the holders of new 3 per cent. bonds to perpetuate the original numbers.

Merritt L. Joslyn, of Illinois, has been confirmed as assistant secretary of the interior, and Lewis Richmond, of Rhode Island, as secretary of legation and consul general at Rome. Harrison Allen, of Pennsylvania, was nominated as marshal for Dakota.

Comptroller Knox reports that forty-nine national banks reorganized by liquidation in advance of the passage of the law to extend their charters. A \$5 note of the new design, ornamented with a portrait of Pres. Garfield, is about ready to be issued.

In the matter of campaign assessments, Attorney General Brewster has rendered an opinion that a member of congress is not an officer of the United States, and that a gift to him for campaign purposes does not come within the terms of the statute.

At the cabinet meeting, in discussing the question of political assessments, President Arthur said that no person in the executive departments declining to contribute shall thereby be subjected to discharge or criticism, and no attempt to injure him will be tolerated.

A large cargo of granite for the Washington monument has arrived in Washington from Rockland, Me., and as soon as it can be cut into blocks, work on the monument will be resumed. The section which was unfinished when the work on the last course was stopped will then be completed, giving the monument a height of 290 feet.

Secretary Chandler thinks there is no justification for the censure heaped upon Admiral Nicholson for his course at Alexandria, and that it would be more just before criticising him so severely to await his official report and ascertain what the real situation was which led him to land marines to do guard duty. The Secretary thinks that the Admiral should receive thanks instead of censure for what he has done.

President Barrios, of Guatemala, was shown about Washington by General Sherman, who states that the boundary question was not once alluded to. The visitor has purchased a residence in New York, where his family will reside for part of the year, and where his children will be sent to school. He will also consult with leading capitalists in regard to railroad interest in Guatemala.

For the past ten years Minister Marsh has been an invalid, and the acting chief at Rome has been the secretary of legation, a Philadelphia named Wurtz. By a recent act of congress the secretaryship was consolidated with the consul generalship, which left Mr. Marsh quite helpless. The post is one of the most desirable in Europe, and there will undoubtedly be an army of applicants for the vacancy.

Numerous interesting stories have been circulated in various watering-places about the movements of the president this summer. His private secretary says that President Arthur has not as yet made a single plan for the summer. Thus far he has been very comfortable in Washington, and has no desire to go away. It is more than probable that he will spend the month of August at the Soldiers' home, and after that he will make a trip to New York and some of the places within its vicinity, but that is all uncertain. The Soldiers' home part of it is the only change that the president has yet considered.

Commissioner Raum reports that the entire collections of internal revenue taxes the past fiscal year, \$146,323,774, have been accounted for and returned to the treasury. During the past six fiscal years \$748,831,071 have been collected from internal revenue taxation and paid into the treasury, without any loss by defaultation. The expenses of collection the last fiscal year (including the expenses of this office) will not exceed \$5,308,000, or less than 3 1/2 per cent. of the amount collected. The expenses of collection for six years have been about \$27,087,300, or 3 1/2-10 per cent on the amount collected. This sum has been disbursed without loss to the government. Fraudulent combinations heretofore prevailing in certain districts for the illicit manufacture and sale of whisky and tobacco have been broken up.

A bill has recently been reported from the senate committee on printing, providing for printing the reports of the tenth census and appropriating \$835,461 for the work. The committee recommend the printing of the usual number of complete series of separate reports with ten thousand additional copies; twenty thousand additional copies of the reports on population and agriculture; ten thousand of the report on manufactures and mechanics, and the usual number and 100,000 additional copies of the compendium, which it is thought will be of the most practical value for popular reference. In the report accompanying the bill the committee speak of the tenth census as "the most extensive and complete that has been taken; more comprehensive in its scope, more minute in its details." They say "its reports constitute a wonderful exhibition of the population, resources, accumulated wealth, and varied industries of the country," and in explanation of the action taken with regard to the printing and distribution assert that the results of the work can be made available by general distribution among public libraries and to a considerable extent among individuals.

## HALL'S Catarrh Cure

Is Recommended by Physicians!

\$100 REWARD FOR A CASE IT CURES!

We manufacture and sell it with a positive guarantee that it will cure any case, and we will forfeit the above amount if it fails in a single instance. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy, as it is taken internally, acting upon the blood. If you are troubled with this distressing disease, ask your Druggist for it, and accept no imitation or substitute. If he has not got it, send to us and we will forward immediately. Price, 75 cents per bottle. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

## KIDNEY WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED THE SUREST CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim of KIDNEY DISEASE? Use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain in the back, weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, blood in the urine, gravel, and all other kidney troubles, all speedily yield to its curative power.

AS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price \$1.

## KIDNEY WORT

YOUNG MEN WILL SAVE MONEY AND

valuable time by attending the GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, BUSINESS COLLEGE, and receiving a thorough, quickening, practical education. Send for College Journal. Jy3 4w

## Probate Order for Hearing Final Account.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF SHIAWASSEE. ss. Probate Court for said County. At a Session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Corunna, on Wednesday the 19th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two.

Present A. A. Harper, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of William H. Keyte, Deceased.

The Executors of said estate come into Court and represent that they are now prepared to render their Seventh Annual Account as such Executors.

Thereupon it is Ordered, That Monday, the 7th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held at the Probate office in the City of Corunna, in said County, to show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed; And it is Further Ordered, That said Executors give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in THE TIMES, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, two successive weeks to said day of hearing. A. A. HARPER, Judge of Probate. (A true copy.) Jy31 3w

## Ordinance.

For Grading Cedar Street from Main St. South to the D. G. H. & M. Railroad.

SEC. 1. The Common Council of the City of Owosso do determine and ordain that it is a necessary public improvement, that a portion of Cedar Street of said City, located between Main Street and the D. G. H. & M. Railroad be graded, and that the estimated expense thereof is the sum of Two Hundred Dollars; also that said sum of Two Hundred Dollars be assessed on the owners of houses and lands fronting on said portion of said Cedar Street, that being the portion of said city deemed to be benefited by said grading.

SEC. 2. Said Grading shall be done under the direction and supervision of the City Engineer of said Common Council on Grading and Sidewalks.

SEC. 3. Hubert B. Gates, George B. Hughes and Lawrence Van Dusen, being resident free holders of said city, not interested in any of the property benefited by said improvement, nor of kin to any person interested, are hereby designated as commissioners and directed to make assessments upon all the owners of lands and houses fronting on that portion of said Cedar Street heretofore described, and to said sum of Two Hundred Dollars in proportion as near as may be to the advantage which each shall by such Commissioners be entitled to acquire by the making of said improvement.

Approved July 14th, 1882.

Attest—E. A. Tonn, Jr., City Clerk.

## Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee in favor of the "Buggy Manufacturing Company" against the goods and chattels and real estate of Carlton K. Hunsell and Robert Craig, in said county, to me directed and delivered, I did, on the thirtieth day of May last, lay upon and take, all the right, title and interest of the said Carlton K. Hunsell and Robert Craig, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: to-wit: Five acres of land, commencing at the southwest corner of section two, town eight north, range four east, thence east on section line forty rods; thence north twenty rods; thence west forty rods; to section line between sections two and three; thence south on section line to place of beginning, together with the Gravel Mill and appurtenances standing thereon; all in said Shiawassee County. All of which I shall expose for sale at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House, in the City of Corunna, in said county, on the seventh day of August next at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated this 23rd day of June A. D. 1882.

CLARK D. SMITH, SHERIFF.

By J. D. EVANS, Under-sheriff.

## Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the payment of a certain mortgage, dated the 1st day of January, A. D. 1875, made and executed by James F. Yeates and Laurenda S. Yeates, his wife, of Owosso, Michigan, to Thomas V. Perkins of the same place, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Shiawassee, in the State of Michigan, on the 15th day of January, 1875, in Liber Z of Mortgages on Page 567 and afterwards on the 30th day of May, 1875, duly assigned by said Thomas V. Perkins to Joseph Hershey of Gorham, Ontario County, New York, by an instrument of assignment duly executed by said Thomas V. Perkins, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Shiawassee County, as aforesaid in Liber Z of Mortgages on page 469, the 30th day of May, 1875. And which said Mortgage was again and was on the 20th day of January, 1882, duly assigned by said Joseph Hershey to Sarah M. Whipple, of Owosso, Michigan, by an instrument of assignment duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Shiawassee County aforesaid on the 13th day of April, 1882, in Liber Z of Mortgages on Page 205 and 206, on which Mortgage there is claimed to be due at this date for principal and interest, the sum of \$2280.56, and an Attorney fee of twenty-five dollars stipulated for in said Mortgage, in addition to all other legal costs and expenses should any proceedings be taken to foreclose the same. And no proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said Mortgage on any part thereof by which default the power of sale contained in said Mortgage has become operative. Now therefore notice is hereby given that said Mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the Mortgaged premises to-wit: That certain piece or parcel of land described in said Mortgage as the south part of the east part of the west half of the south east quarter of section twenty-four, in town seven (7) north of range two (2) east containing ten acres of land more or less; also a piece of land described as follows: Beginning at a point in the centre of the highway two chains and eighty and one-half links north of the town west corner of south east quarter of section twenty-four, in town seven (7) north of range two (2) east, running thence north one-half degree east ten (10) and one-half links, thence north eighty-nine degrees west twelve chains and eighty-three links, thence south one-half degree, west nine chains twenty-four and one-half links to centre of said highway, thence north fifty-five and one-half degrees, east fifteen chains and seventy-four links to place of beginning, containing eight acres of land more or less, to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House in the City of Corunna, Shiawassee County, Michigan, (that being the place where the Circuit Court for Shiawassee County is held) on the 12th day of August, 1882, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day.

Dated May 24, 1882.

SARAH M. WHIPPLE, Assignee of Mortgage.

W. M. KILPATRICK, Atty. for Assignee of Mortgage.

## BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

-AT-

## LORINGS

For the next 40 Days.

Those having Houses to Paper can save from 15 to 40 per cent. in buying their WALL PAPER at LORINGS.

Remember these PRICES will only last till the 31st day of August, 1882.

## A LARGE LINE OF WINDOW SHADES

on hand at Lowest Prices. My stock of

## Stationery, School Books,

BLANK BOOKS, &c., is Complete.

JULY 21st, 1882.

## We have a Large Stock of

## PHÆTONS,

## Brewster & Timken Side Bars,

## END SPRING AND PLATFORM

## SPRING WAGONS,

And are selling more than all the rest of dealers in Shiawassee County combined. We have already sold more than we sold the entire season last year.

Prices and quality do it. Call and examine our stock and be convinced.

## ARTHUR McHARDY,

OWOSSO, MICH.

## BLACKSMITHING!

## FARMERS SHOP.

We wish to inform the farmers and public generally that we have opened a

## First-Class Blacksmith Shop at Pittsburg,

We are Revolutionizing Prices as follows:

Shoeing, New, per Span, \$2.00

Setting and Toeing, per Shoe, 13

Setting Lumber Wagon Tire, 4 wheels, 1.00

" Buggy, 1.30

Ironing Set Wiffletrees, 1.25

" Neckyoke, 1.00

All other Work accordingly Cheap.

Terms Strictly Cash, unless otherwise arranged. At work Guaranteed.

## FARMERS SHOP.